My love as deepe, the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite:
I heare some noise within, deare Love adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Rom. O blessed, blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Jul. Three words deare *Romeo*, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I'le procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rites,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'le lay,
And follow thee my Love throughout the world. Madam.
I come anon: but if thou meanst not well,
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soule.
Jul. A thousand times good-night.
Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy sight.
Love goes toward love as Schoole-boyes from their bookes,
But love from love toward Schoole with heavie lookes.

Enter Juliet *againe.*

Jul. Hist *Romeo*, hist: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound Lovers tongues by night?
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
Jul. Romeo.
Rom. My Deere.
Jul. What a clocke to morrow

Shall

Shall I send to thee?
Rom. By the houre of nine.
Jul. I will not faile, 'tis twentie yeeres till then:
I have forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.
Rom. And 'Ile still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a wantons bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So loving jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night,
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
Ro. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest.
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close Cell,
His helpe to crave, and my deere hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a Basket.

Fri. The grey ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eastern clouds with streakes of light:
And fleckeld darkenesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path, and *Titans* burning wheeles,
Now ere the sunne advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must upfill this Osier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious juiced flowers.
The earth that's natures mother in her Tombe;
What is her burying Grave, that is her wombe:

And